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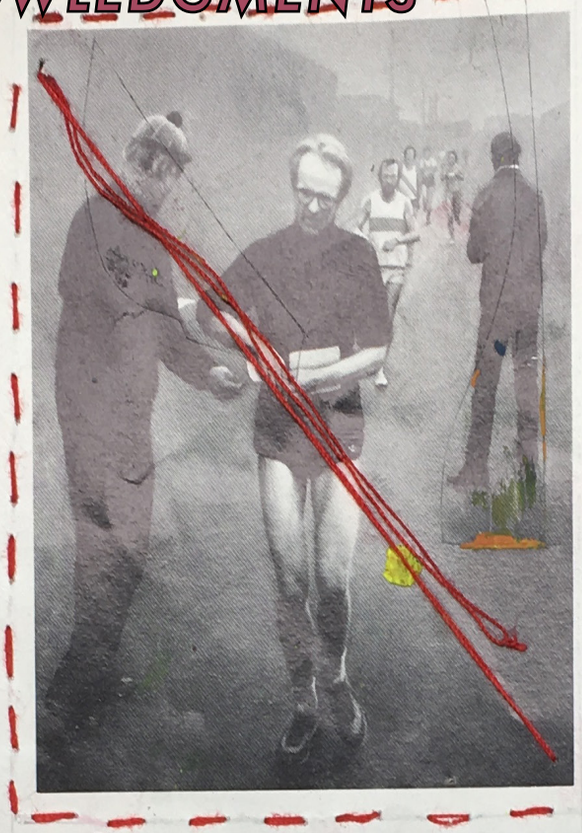

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REVIEWS

BLOOD ORANGE

Dev Hynes' first album as Blood Orange was released the day after my fifteenth birthday. I can still vividly recall being struck with the vulnerability of his lyrics, the way they sounded very Queer without saying so, just as I felt very Queer without saying so: "your freezing thighs warm me / I'm just a boy, I'm so lonely," the way his voice lingers on the last word, like he wasn't ready to let go of the pleasure of his solitude. Each Blood Orange album transmits these kinds of secrets. His songs express contemporary themes but his inspiration calls upon the deep tradition of fluidity, which is probably why so many people herald him as a twenty-first century Prince. Derivative comparisons are always a reductive response to contemporary art, but I think there may be something to it in terms of Blood Orange's body of work. His deepest cuts punctuate the most personal space of our generation's adolescence––they are about love and loss, celebration and mourning; the same way his Motown was a profound expression of feeling itself for another generation.

While retaining conversations with Pan-Africanism, Queerness, and gender noncomformity, the show Hynes brought to the Roseland Theater reflects the focus on tight acoustic arrangement as showcased in *Negro Swan*, his new album. In the refrain of both the record and concert's final song, he says he's "just waiting for the smoke to clear," and I don't think there is a better word to describe the spell he cast over the audience. While he did play a decent number of more electronically driven songs from *Freetown Sound* and *Cupid Deluxe* (special highlight: the classic "You're Not Good Enough" featuring Empress Of), this new sense for teasing soft, quiet moods into loud ones was an overtone throughout the performance. The absolute highlight was "Holy Will," an impassioned conversation with Jesus delivered by his session musician and live backup singer, Ian Isaiah. All in all, I'm reminded of something I heard once about Beyonce as the standard for perfect performance: nobody watches a performer like Beyonce expecting her to make a mistake; even a mistake would be a further extension of the invitation to watch the gestures of grace in performativity. After "Smoke," Blood Orange waved at the crowd and wordlessly left the stage, no encore—the time he gave us was good enough.

words **MILES SHEPARD**

art **HANNAH SMULAND**

REVIEWS

FATIMAH ASGHAR

words **ALEXXIS ROMO**

art **EMMA FALE-OLSEN**

The first webisode of Brown Girls played. The room was intimate and dimly lit. Occasional laughter filled the room as everyone was fixed on the screen.

Fatima Asghar spoke in the EMU Redwood Auditorium on Tuesday, October 23rd. Asghar is a touring poet, educator, and writer. She is the writer of the web series Brown Girls, a series that deals with intimate relationships, particularly focusing on women of color; the show "intentionally includes people of color and women."

With her powerfully loud and comical voice, Asghar read poems from her newest book of poems, *If They Come for Us*. Her poems spoke in a way that was humorous and relatable, while at the same time being direct and dignified. Her voice and her words took the room. *If They Come for Us* tells the story of Asghar's life as a "South Asian Muslim queer person." Her poems also grapple with coming of age, gender, identity, and partition. She intertwined these ideas in a way that brings together other people's similar views with her own.

Finally, Asghar sat with the Cinema Studies Department Head Priscilla Peña Ovalle, answering her questions while also responding to audience members.

"Who the fuck cares if you're good at something if you're just trying to do it?" Asghar said while offering advice to students. She concluded by offering hope and inspiration to represent marginalized communities: a hope to continue to find ways in which they can reconnect themselves with their culture and feel a sense of place and belonging.

Magpie

I feel the presence of my partner like mixing two kinds of dry snacks in one plastic baggy. Whichever you put in your mouth, the taste of the other lingers. You're eating one and at the same time, the fragrant ghost of another. I find his subtle flavor in the minutiae of my mundane. Postcards from his scant in the UK trickle into the mailbox of my mom's apartment unchronologically. Among my many Texas souvenirs (a rock, a plant, a turquoise vase), a neat constellation of ant bites scar over my big-toe, made worse on my part with ceaseless picking and the criss-cross stabbing of the raised spots with my finger-nail. On my third night back in Oregon, post-Texas frolic, I masturbated and found two !! of his pubes sneakily tucked away in my labia, like love notes. There are others: his blue shirt I asked to keep and his blue boxers I did not, the picture from prom and saved essay critiques (this one included). These are crumbs of a blissed-out co-habitation I find no need nor want to sweep away. Our detritus, floating amongst carpet fibers and all else, are a means for connection when our bodies are too far to touch. Finding them facilitates active reflection in which a memory becomes a mantra of faith; in not knowing what future lies ahead and in holding utmost reverence for what we've already done.

In hoarding fragments of what it meant to be in his proximity, partnership has become something akin to an archive. Collecting is messy and sometimes frantic. It results in drawers of things and the occasional fit of thinking you lost an important document, like an anniversary letter. Like if that anniversary letter was to be lost, then it might as well have never happened. But luckily for archivists like myself, technology's abundant permanence is readily at our disposal. In my pocket, there's a trove of pictures immortalizing Big days like fake-prom and meeting his sister. Then there are the days that looked like most days: a blanket in a park, books, his face from a low angle as I'm laying down, and ice cream. I could even pull up a screenshot of the first time we ever talked. With minimal effort, I've kept a detailed history.

And the archive grows bigger. Though physically he's unreachable, digitally he's more accessible than ever. Mind the three-hour time difference, I can text or call him most hours of the day, probably more than he'd like. Phones offer people separated by distance something that was once impossible: the present. Because of phones, the partnership maintains action and continues to look forward instead of being cut at the knees. We're still making memories together, just in more archivable ways. Anything expressed is deliberate and recorded. Supportive affirmations, grumpy tiffs, sex, misunderstandings—it's all there. Immediately accessible, yet not immediate enough to be instinctual. In this world where texts can be saved forever and the internet offers endless ways to broadcast the curated self, nuances in connectivity are lost in translation. In digital love, we give up the subtleties in body language that make play-fighting possible and the comfort of being together in silence. We give up a more idiosyncratic love in exchange for something consistent.

The uncanny and constant streamlined communication that's delivered through phones is too clean to be romantic. Romance is messy, or at least my understanding of it is. It's imperfect and serendipitous and against odds yet effortless, like it's my life's purpose to do it. This is why I need the crumbs. What I've developed is a sort of magpie romanticism; one where I indiscriminately collect objects that reflect the strength and sweetness that is. My romance is cultivated in the artification of seemingly ordinary objects. I need something tangible and that I can smell and touch and taste; something to hold in my hands that reminds me of a time when things were messy and sweet, something that reminds me that we still are. Reflecting on the past is part of knowing where you are now. When I read the letters and wear the shirt, I see the growth that happens independently of one another and the strength in knowing that the other is still there, still loving. When I hold these crumbs close to me, I am grounded and lifted. In a harmonious holy trinity, I feel the warmth of where we've come from, the strength in where we are and the light in where we're going.

words & art **KAYA NOTEBOOM**

Night thing

~~times waits~~
comes with fight
comes after day
ya better look out boy
cause she's on her way

ooo yea shes a night thing
shes a night thing
party animal
out a control
hey all you guys lookout now
or shell make some heads roll~~ss~~, ~~oo~~0, ooo

guitar solo

I was driven down town in my ~~brand new~~ new-used car
with the leftover money I bought a guitar
I pulled ~~up next to this beat rod~~ up next to this ~~beat rod~~ chop

Saw this pretty thing come walkin by
she say come on honey now lets go to my drive

could refuse there's was nothing to do
I didn't want to sit in my car and ~~stew~~

art **TUESDAY LEWMAN**

17

17 in a midlife crisis. A touch is supposed to be warm but it burned every time it approached. He took the one thing I owned and never returned. Like a birthday balloon that lost helium and was struggling to float. I thought it was my fault. I thought, how could I do it again?

I cut my bangs and instantly regretted it. Dyed my hair a few times and tried so hard to look different. Till I didn't recognize myself in the mirror. Different from when I lost my innocence.

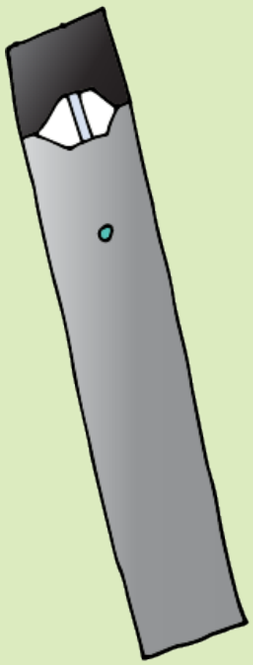
18 and older

He hugged me and I didn't recoil. After searching and searching, I suddenly saw a stream of light. The road is long and winding. It never ends. There isn't a map for this stuff. There are good people in this world and there are bad. It's not your fault when they stab you in the back.

I took another look at myself and realized he never took it. It was always there.
I just needed time to heal my wounds. And while I'm left with scars that will never fully fade, I feel more secure.

And for once when they ask how I'm doing, I can say I'm okay.

words **MOLLY SCHWARTZ**



Ode to lost juuls

I bought you yesterday
and now you're gone

Buried in the couch cushions
Tucked in the box of lettuce in the fridge
Concealed in my bed sheets
Tumbled through the wash
Shared and never returned
Slipping through my pocket's holes

You are lost but not forgotten
my slender friend

words **ANNA BALDWIN**

2008:
The sun shines down as I draw with chalk
I love to laugh and can never stop my talk
I am carefree, young, and having fun
But I pushed, pressured by everyone
And everytime I eat, she looks at me funny
"What?" I'm confused. "I'm still kind of hungry."
2010:
I am older now but still play with toys
I don't like to think about grown-ups and boys
I am happy most times but I feel uneasy
Life is difficult when it used to be breezy
Every day, I don't want to go home
I don't want to be yelled at or be alone
2012:
I cannot shower and I cannot smile
They start to notice I haven't talked for awhile
I hide behind the color black
I want to feel whole, I want my joy back
I alternate between rage and feeling numb
I feel I can't fight. I want to succumb.
2014:
Every year, it takes more away from me
I cannot eat but nobody seems to see
I am afraid of bread, of carbs, of sugar, of cake
When will my misery end? Pinch me til I wake
Even when I change, I can't look in the mirror
What if I gain weight? I can't shake my fear
2016:
I still cannot seem to finish my dinner
I repeat to myself I don't need to be thinner
I ignore these thoughts the best I can
He wants to fuck me? I don't understand
But you cannot rely on others to heal
People can betray you with hearts of steel
2018:
The air is cold and I have so much fear
But I'm ready to try again and see what is here
Although I am nervous and can't stop my shakes
I tell myself I can do it. I have what it takes.
Call me cliche, but life is a fight to overcome
And although it's been painful, I will make sure I've won

words **DANIELLE DESMET**

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eugene lost & found - craigslist

https://eugene.craigslist.org/search/laf?hasPic=1

CL eugene > community > lost & found post | account

lost & found

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- [ ] search titles only
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MILES FROM ZIP miles from zip

lost or found?
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reset update search

gallery << < prev 1 - 10 / 10 next > newest

Oct 15 Cannabis Vape Pen (Fall Creek (lakeside 3 picnic area))

Oct 6 Lost Banjo, hoodie and keys Reward (downtown Eugene)

Oct 2 Lost necklace (Eugene)

Sep 30 Jason who went to Japan

Sep 24 Found Keys (spencers butte)

Sep 24 LOST TOYOTA KEY- REWARD! (Eugene, OR)

Sep 17 Found harmless steel blade fake sword for teaching, I suppose. (Eugene)

Sep 15 Found passport (Mathew Knight Arena)

Sep 12 Stolen Electra Bicycle - Cruiser Coaster 7 (West Eugene)

Sep 6 Found alligator (Mill/fairview)

art **HANNAH SMULAND**

art **GRAHAM DUNN**

run run run run run

words **JESSICA MILLER**

It's only 7:30 in the morning but it's already sweltering. The kitchen sink is dripping. How many goddamn times has she asked him to fix the sink? After one of their fights, one of their really bad ones, he usually makes a big fuss about making amends. If he throws a dish at her head she'll get a full set of new china, a bruised arm and she gets a bottle of perfume, a black eye and the next time she steps out on the town she'll be wearing new leather boots and a silk scarf to match her oversized sunglasses. What will it take to finally get that sink fixed?

She's been bagging groceries for four hours. Well, mostly not bagging groceries. It's so hot, anyone with a choice is at the pool, or the river, or at least sitting at home in a semi-vegetative state watching daytime TV. She's been sitting at her check stand, sometimes eavesdropping on her teenaged coworkers and sometimes skimming a *People* magazine about Brooke Shields and what the Mouseketeers are up to 25 years later. She always hated Annette Funicello, that smug bitch.

She jolts awake. Wrapped up in her sweaty sheets she counts on her fingers — it's been two months since her last period? How did that happen? Looking over at the snoring lump next to her in bed, she thinks of her wedding day. She thought when they got married that that was permanent. She was stuck with him. It's clear to her now, now that she's *really* stuck, that she should have sprinted in the other direction while she had the chance.

.

She's focusing on the ice cubes in her cereal milk. Willing them to defy physics and not melt until she has time to finish her fruity pebbles. She's spending the summer like she spends every summer — with her mom in Florida where she has no friends and they put ice cubes in their fucking cereal. Her mom's boyfriend Jonathan has been talking to her about "the value of a dollar" and "personal responsibility" and she has been thinking about what he would do if she got up right now and stuck her hand down the garbage disposal.

She doesn't hate her mom, even if that's what her mom thinks. She just resents her for having chosen such a shitty life in such a shitty state. If you're gonna abandon your family it should be for something good, not for the butcher at the grocery store, a dilapidated mobile home, and a generally abject existence. She remembers her mom being the most beautiful woman in the world, but now she has a gray complexion with crepey skin and coffee-stained teeth. She'd left to start a new life and totally let herself go!

That night they go see *Independence Day* and she and her mom cry and hold hands when Randy Quaid's character dies. It's sad, they agree, that he died just after redeeming himself.

When they get home from the theater they sit in the garden and sweat and eat cherry tomatoes straight off of the vine. After everyone else goes to sleep, she smokes a shoddily rolled joint and listens to one of her mom's records. She falls asleep still singing to herself, "No woman, No cry."

.

Every night she spends in the dorms takes 2 years off of her life. She feels like she's in a psychological horror movie where she's the only person who can see the monster. Her roommate seems to think that Preston Hall West is just about the coolest place she's ever been, and while she does have a soft spot for her extra long twin bed, she'd still rather be anywhere else in the world. Her only solace is in vaping by the dumpsters before absolutely demolishing the dinner buffet.

She throws up in the bathroom afterwards. She ate too much. And she stuck her fingers down her throat. And the idea of re-entering Preston Hall West weighed down by mashed potatoes and soft serve was terrifying. What if she needed to escape! To run down the stairs or jump out of the window onto a nearby tree branch. It's better she barfed it up now and not while in hot pursuit.

She calls her mom while she walks back to her dorm and hears all about the socially awkward doctor who gave her mother a Pap smear that morning. Her mom asks her how she's liking school and she tells her some of the truth. She likes her roommate, it's weird not having class till noon, and she sure misses having air conditioning. She doesn't tell her about the barfing, or the daily vaping, or the skipping class to masturbate to Bon Appetit videos. Which is normal. It's normal not to tell your mom everything. It's normal and she's normal.

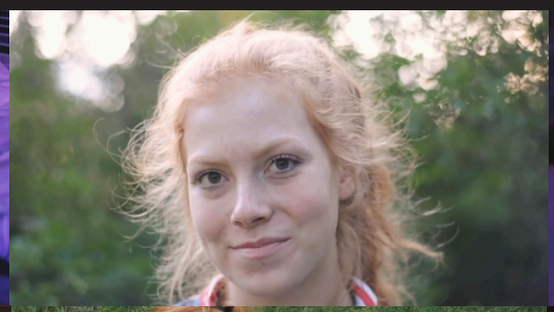
.

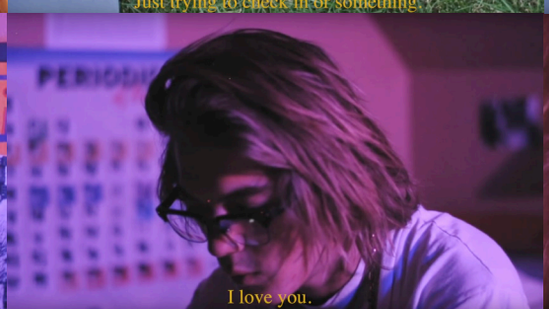
As a kid I loved making myself see phosphenes. I would lie on my back and pull a blanket over my head to create total darkness, close my eyes and push down on them with the palm of my hands as hard as I could. I thought the patterns of light were visions and hoped that they meant I was an oracle or a seer or at least some kind of artist. Really I was just manually stimulating the cells in my retina.

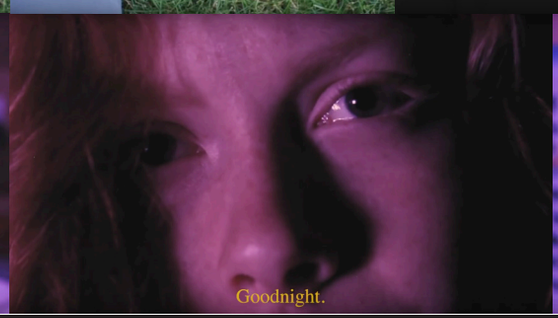
I think I'm looking for meaning in places I'll never find it. Like the visions I see when I clench my eyes, or the split second of a family dinner I witness while I ride past on my bike, or the feeling of a stranger's fingers brushing my own in a crowded department store. My head spins imagining all of the different lives my mother lived before I was born and all the lives my grandmother lived before that, all the lives lived by people I've loved but will never really know.

art **TRISTAN SIENKIEWICZ**

Would You Like to Leave a Message?



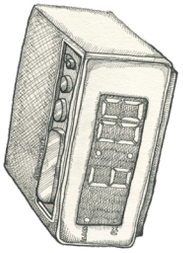




PERIODIC
I was just hoping that you were awake.
I missed you,
I wanted to check in on you,
and all of that good stuff.
So when you can,
just like, let me know how you're doing.
PERIODIC
Bye.

art **ANNA MAESTAS**

Back at It Again on 14th & High



words **DORI MOSMAN**
art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**

The rooster crows at the beginning. I keep meaning to change the alarm tone on my phone to something more soothing than the default, something with harp so I could imagine Joanna Newsom, you know, stroking away, or at least the beginning of a Coloradan yoga teacher's meditation YouTube series, but I never did. I never do. Nothing, after all, could be worse than the sound I woke to every morning for a year, my morning bells, my every day's preface, my overture to Oregon Shakespeare Festival's own genderbent *Oklahoma!*, and it was this: my neighbor hawking a loogie at 6am. Cock-a-doodle-do.

Some notes for clarity's sake: first, the 6am loogie was only the first in a loogie-chain which would inevitably include the 6:30-, 7-, and 9am loogies. (Last year's bedfellows can attest.) Second, this man's loogies were by no means confined to the morning hours—his *haugch-cha!* could be heard Monday through Friday after his return from work circa 5pm, and weekends at all hours—but the morning variety had, as you can imagine, the most perturbing effect on me of any; which leads me to my follow-up point, that the 6am loogie was literally, and in place of my alarm, the thing that woke me from my slumber every day. Third and finally, these were no ordinary loogies. On spring and summer days when Jess and I would drag couch cushions out onto the rectangular strip of fenced-off concrete out back of our apartment and sit smoking a j in the sun, we would often hear him hawk one, which was, for her, a far rarer occurrence, since her bedroom faced onto the opposite alley, and she never could hear him in the morning. On these occasions she would laugh and look, at the same time, concerned, and say, "Dude, he really needs to get that checked out. Like, he needs to see a doctor." In three words: loud. Emphatic. Meaty.

This was July. I woke, same as ever, at 6am, listened to him chime his phlegmy tones till 6:05, then fell back asleep when he either lapsed into silence or I managed to tune him out. I didn't wake up all covered in sweat, and I hadn't kicked my sheets into a crumple at the foot of the bed, so maybe, it might, yes, have been the end of June. As far as my memory serves me it was gray. Some three hours later my alarm went off and I heard Jess and her mom downstairs making breakfast, the cap-off to an early-summer sleepover. I could hear every word. (What did they say to make me laugh under my breath? smile into my pillow? It might've been a scathing appraisal of a male relative or an old joke or, yeah, just nonsense. But I remember that good feeling which had followed the bad dream which had followed that bad feeling which had followed the loogie. I remember that good feeling which was followed by other feelings, morning feelings, bad feelings, 'here we go again.')

Next on the docket: getting up. Brushing teeth. Blinking. Wearing clothes. In the bathroom I was thinking about the guy I'd slept with the week before, the sleeping-with, the relived psychological humiliation of remembering his mattress on the floor under un-postered walls, one pillow and a flimsy black blanket like for a dog bed. This image; another, of his soft, meek, pasty dick flopping out of his H&M shorts; and spat toothpaste on the bathroom mirror masking my half-conscious determination not to make eye contact with myself. *Pfthp*. Remember to rinse.

But from the kitchen, laughter. I wanted to stay. I wanted to stay and eat breakfast with the Millers but instead, here I was, shuffling into a dirty ΔΤΔ sweatshirt and steeling myself for CIS 110, the gen-ed required computer science class I'd described to multiple people as "kicking my ass." It was OK, really—it was going to be OK. In the end they were such commonplace feelings, wanting-to-stay, wanting-to-sleep, wanting-not-to-go-to-class, and yet they weren't really the feelings I was feeling at all. Instead I thought: "A curse on this morning," but not those words, just the feeling of them, not Benvolio but Freud after he just lost a follower on Instagram and he has the app that tells him exactly who it was. People have all kinds of sayings for this, "got off on the wrong foot," "wrong note," "false start," "bad dream," "long-term clinical depression and anxiety." I call it a rooster with a flaccid penis. I call it a 6am loogie.

I'd dilly-dallied or I'd snoozed too hard, making up for sleep lost and rhythms loosed by Mr. Sinus Infection's sinewy inflection. At 9:50 I shoved a notebook in my backpack, rushed downstairs to where mother and daughter were eating Apple Jacks standing up over the sink, and cast about me for my bike, which I'd left by the bookcase, where it wasn't. I checked on the back patio, where it wasn't. I went back inside and I said, "Do you know where my bike is?" and at these words Jess looked immediately stricken, and Kathleen said, in her throaty monotone, "You guys got robbed." Realizations were come to: Jess' brand-new Nike kicks were missing, and so was her purse, in which resided her wallet, keys, ID, and precarious sanity. Kathleen assessed the situation: "God, that means they came into the house while we were sleeping," and somewhere in the back of my head, with no evidence, with no prompt, with no real words for the thought except the feeling itself, I pictured loogie-man hopping the back fence after dark, muddying our carpets with his depravity (both specific and general), stealing my bike, nicking Jess' purse, and leaving a killer's signature at the scene of the crime in the form of a snotball in our sink-drain. There wasn't one.

Jess looked shaken. Her mom looked unfazed. I said, "I'm going to be late," and I walked out the door, marched to class, sat in the back and spent 110 minutes browsing Zillow for new apartments, where we would be safe from robbers, and put our mattresses in new bed-frames, and escape the aural clutches of our congested overlord; a new apartment, where we could see green from our windows, and everything would look pretty and be good, and we would be happy, wouldn't we? We'd be happy. So we found one. Cock-a-doodle-do!

And we found my bike, too. Eventually. Tires flat, gears fucked, handlebars skewed. But we found it.

art **KAYA NOTEBOOM**

"I NEVER REALLY THINK ABOUT HOW DEAD BODIES GET AROUND. LIKE, SOMEBODY'S DRIVING THEM!"
IV GETS
"DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE THERE'S THAT ONE PERSON WHO LIKE, IF YOU WERE ON AN ISLAND... YOU STILL WOULD NOT HAVE SEX WITH THEM?"
"THERE WAS TOO MUCH BOOTY ON THAT PLANE. IT JUST CRASHED."
"THAT LOOKS LIKE DUSTIN HOFFMAN, BUT HIS HAIRCUT'S WORSE"
"DORI, CAN I SMOKE SOME OF YOUR WEED?"
"MATTHEW FOX IS FROM BEND! HE LITERALLY LIVES IN BEND."
"THIS IS THE DESIGNATED ASH CUP? THIS HAS WINE IN IT."
"THAT'S THE BAD GUY. YOU CAN TELL FROM HIS POSTURE"
"SO WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FIND??"
"HE JUST SAID 'SODDING' A SECOND TIME, WHICH IS NOT REALISTIC."
"HOT PEOPLE ARE EVERYWHERE, AND NONE OF THEM WANT TO TALK TO ME."
FRANZIA
TWIX

NO RESPECT

kevin and stuart

moviepass now

presidential alerts

sweaty but cold out

pokemon go emails

white ethnic studies professors

short cancellation periods

open concept

the c.w.

free printers that don't work

emergency dial

sweet basil

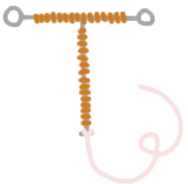
i.u.d.'s

pipe bombs

tasty thai

drunk online shopping

smoke alarms



hydrating for fun

selling kidneys

boxed wine

using benadryl to sleep

getting disowned

menstrual pads

being sober and not talking about it

rice and beans

starting rumors

peeing

nyquil

moviepass then

MAD RESPECT

bob and gru

art **KAYA NOTEBOOM**

OVERHEARDS

"I dont give a fuck. Put me on flag football. Do it if you dare"

"Then I saw their last text message, it was a meme" (Girl on the phone crying)

"When you broke both your arms and learned to masturbate with your mind"

"Every week I make homemade pizza with string cheese"

"I've spent $1800 on hoodies in the past month"

"I literally only use Hulu to watch Jimmy Neutron and Danny Phantom"

"Kanye West basically changed scatting forever"

"Anyway that's the story of how I married my therapist"

"I got a sunburn in the shape of ski goggles and two flies inside my nose. What a perfect time to be 15 minutes late to a group photo that every future sister I've never met and don't give a fuck about can look at in the lobby till the end of time"

art **ANNA BALDWIN**

CLANCY O'CONNOR

UNTITLED

words **Bianca Sandoval**

I was 14 when I first fell in love. I had my flings and flights of fancy, first kiss when I was five. A little boy named Theo with a cowboy hat, my mom made a scrapbook. Barely my own person yet here I was with a boyfriend. The narrative already being pushed onto me. There were plenty of Theos after that. So many little cowboy hats I really couldn't picture as a whole person.

But this was different, I was in high school. This wasn't Theo, this was Kayla. Kayla was a stranger, but something led her across the hallway during lunch. Something made her ask me my name, "just like my ex." I don't know why I lied, said "sure, I like girls." Of course, I didn't, but everyone always had the one exception. Wasn't really cheating on my boyfriend if I did.

She was my secret, holding hands with who we weren't supposed to. Kissing cheeks because friends can do that, don't make it weird guys. Holding her hands and kissing her lips because why not? It was Kayla, she was different. Our parents couldn't know, maybe my parents did. There wouldn't be a scrapbook.

Kayla was the first one (well, maybe Candie back in 4th grade). Rachel in 8th was just girls being silly, my face felt sweaty because this assembly was too crowded. Duh. But it didn't matter, it was a secret. One that felt like roses gliding along my arm, goosebumps even with a burning face. Kayla was mine, and no one needed to know.

I couldn't tell you when we slipped up—was it when I refused to sleep with my boyfriend? Was it when we ditched class by ourselves? It went on for too long, teenagers aren't that clever. Her brother found out and threatened to tell. I wish I weren't a coward then.

"We can't, my parents will know. They would hate me more." She wouldn't stop crying, she thought I loved her. I couldn't just break up with the guy who twisted my arms so hard they bruised, he might've killed her. If we dated, my parents would've killed me. But I loved her. I loved her.

When you're 14, you feel invincible. It seemed so easy just to run away. But they found out. Kayla, with cuts down her arm. Kayla sent away, rosary in hand, to her grandmother. Just like I knew she would. She was a jota, and I didn't want that label on me. Where would I even go? I cried on the phone with her, the occasional, "it's just a friend, mom." Just a friend.

After Kayla, I didn't love again. After Kayla, I never came out. Even when a lesbian couple won Best Couple. Kayla was still my secret, no one even knew why she left. She wasn't a name I mentioned after. I spent years looking for her and never could.

I wish I could say I found another one like her, but I can't. Kayla, my Kayla, isn't real. Kayla was a 15-year-old who liked pop punk and MySpace. Kayla was loud and abrasive, regularly fighting my boyfriend. Kayla and I could've broken up the next year. We could've never spoken again even if we matched on Tinder years later. I could never find that love because it's not real.

I came out 5 years later. Kayla would always be on my mind when politics come up. But I found something better than Kayla, it doesn't diminish her. I imagine her happy, with her own life. Maybe even thinking about me.

art **GRAHAM DUNN**

Talking Shit

words **MILES SHEPARD**

For the amount of time in my college career I've dedicated to being a thorn in the University of Oregon administration's side, I never thought much about the preconditions of the Michael Schill regime. Schill is still personally responsible for a lot of awful developments at UO— setting record administrative pay raises while laying off untenured staff, advocating for astronomically high tuition increases, authorizing expensive and unnecessary structural expansions while letting entire facilities fall into ruin. Indeed, as comrade Lenin says, one needn't see what the bull ate to smell when the bull shits. Any UO student can ID the bullshit in a lineup, but how many of us know what it had for breakfast? Other than the blood of students, apparently Schill is eating whatever UO's resident mysterious benefactor is feeding him.

Last week outside the EMU, Phil Knight's wet-eyed stare; those eyes that look like they've been shrunk in the wash and left out to dry for a decade, locked with mine in a heated exchange. In a book review detailing Knight's corrupt relationship with UO administration, the front page of the *Emerald* illustrated UO's friendly neighborhood 500-year-old donor and Nike founder himself in all his glory. Let it be noted that the book, titled "Nike University: How Corporate Cash Bought American Higher Education," is suspiciously hard to find at Knight library.

Since coming to the University of Oregon, I have organized to fight tuition hikes four times in as many years, lobbied the state government to get more funding for the University, spoken in support of workers on campus at multiple strikes, and attended as many demonstrations against our administration's war on students as I possibly could. I've passed out leaflets and collected signatures, I've read leaflets and signed petitions. I've campaigned for and against Faculty senate resolutions. A lot of students work harder than me to demand justice for administrative abuses: it seems like almost everybody I know has participated in this effort somehow. In this moment, I realized that for all the collected effort so many people put forth to cultivate change on campus, I've rarely spared a thought about Phil Knight, much less seen a photo of him. In fact, no group on campus in recent institutional memory has committed to putting direct pressure on Phil Knight or Nike's unspoken rule over the University.

In administration's response to the book, they called Phil Knight "the greatest philanthropist in the history of the State of Oregon." This statement, running three sentences in length, is likely to be the full extent of accountability unless immense public pressure transpires. One former UO administrator anonymously contributed to Nike University, saying they believe the direction of the University has long since been handed over to Nike. Behind closed doors, professors have referred to his donations as "poison pills for my career." To garner the level of public support necessary, these conversations have to become public. We have to make Phil Knight mad. We have to attack the problem causing all the problems. If we starve the bull, he won't be shitting anymore.

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